

FOR RELEASE UPON DELIVERY

PS  
662  
555

ADDRESS

By

HONORABLE TOM C. CLARK  
Attorney General of the United States

At

MEMORIAL SERVICES

For

EMPLOYEES OF THE  
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
WHO DIED IN THE ARMED SERVICES  
IN WORLD WAR II

Departmental Auditorium

Washington, D.C.

February 21, 1946

10:30 A. M.

The solemnity of this moment is almost unmatched in the annals of our Department.

We are met to honor those who a few months or years ago shared with us our daily tasks, appeared with us in our classic halls, and whose voices and faces we recall vividly still.

In this simple ceremony we are honoring one hundred and six departed soldiers, sailors and marines from this Department who lost their lives in the recent war.

I think it is in keeping with the nature of this event if we conduct a ceremony such as we are doing as simply as possible.

A few moments ago we were busy with our routine tasks, and a few moments from now we will return to them.

If there is any thing imperishable that we can take away from this memorial service it is an appreciation for the sacrifices our absent co-workers have made.

I like to think of the Department as a great family, and those who lost their lives as absent sons.

It is not in the nature of man in any stage of civilization to believe that the loss of one's life means the loss of eternity.

All men from the beginning of time have held the faith which teaches that there is an hereafter and that the grave does not mark the end of the human span.

Therefore I am constrained to believe, as I know you all do, that as we honor them here in this Great Hall today our prayers and our memories will reach them -- those hundred and six -- wherever they are in that Valhalla where the brave find eternal rest from battle.



As I recall it, the first Department of Justice man killed in the war was Donald E. Dougherty. We remember him very well. He was a clerk in the Administrative Division. He joined the Marines, and lost his life in the Pacific.

Then there were the two Rowland brothers who worked here in our Lands Division.

These brothers, sadly enough, were killed within one week of each other. Hardly had one death been reported than the other was announced.

Then the list began to lengthen.

The tragic score of those far-flung battles -- North Africa, Sicily, Italy, the air war over Germany, Guadalcanal, Cape Cloucester, Buna, New Guinea, the Philippines, Iwo Jima and Okinawa -- and these are only a few of the names.

I venture to say that all these places saw our heroic associates in action at one time or another.

Around the world, in those little close-packed military cemeteries where the crosses stand row on row, many of our former associates and friends are sleeping "the sleep that knows not breaking."

We dedicate this moment to them, as they dedicated and gave all they had for us.

They were ours -- we knew them and we worked with them, and we will always cherish them in our memories.

It is in moments such as these that the real cost of war presses upon us.

I refer to the cost in human lives -- a debt which can never be repaid and a loss which can never be replaced.

I believe, however, if they could speak to us today from the four corners of the earth in which they sleep they would ask us to take up where they left off.

It is for us to make good the victory they paid for with their lives.

It is for us to remain alert to preserve the great human rewards for which they died.